MARONOIS
1925

MARONOIS 1925

Published by
STUDENTS
of the
MAROA COMMUNITY
HIGH SCHOOL

Volume I

FOREWORD

We have done our best to create a greater student interest in the high school. Here are the results of our efforts which we submit to your criticism hoping that you will be lenient as this is our first attempt.

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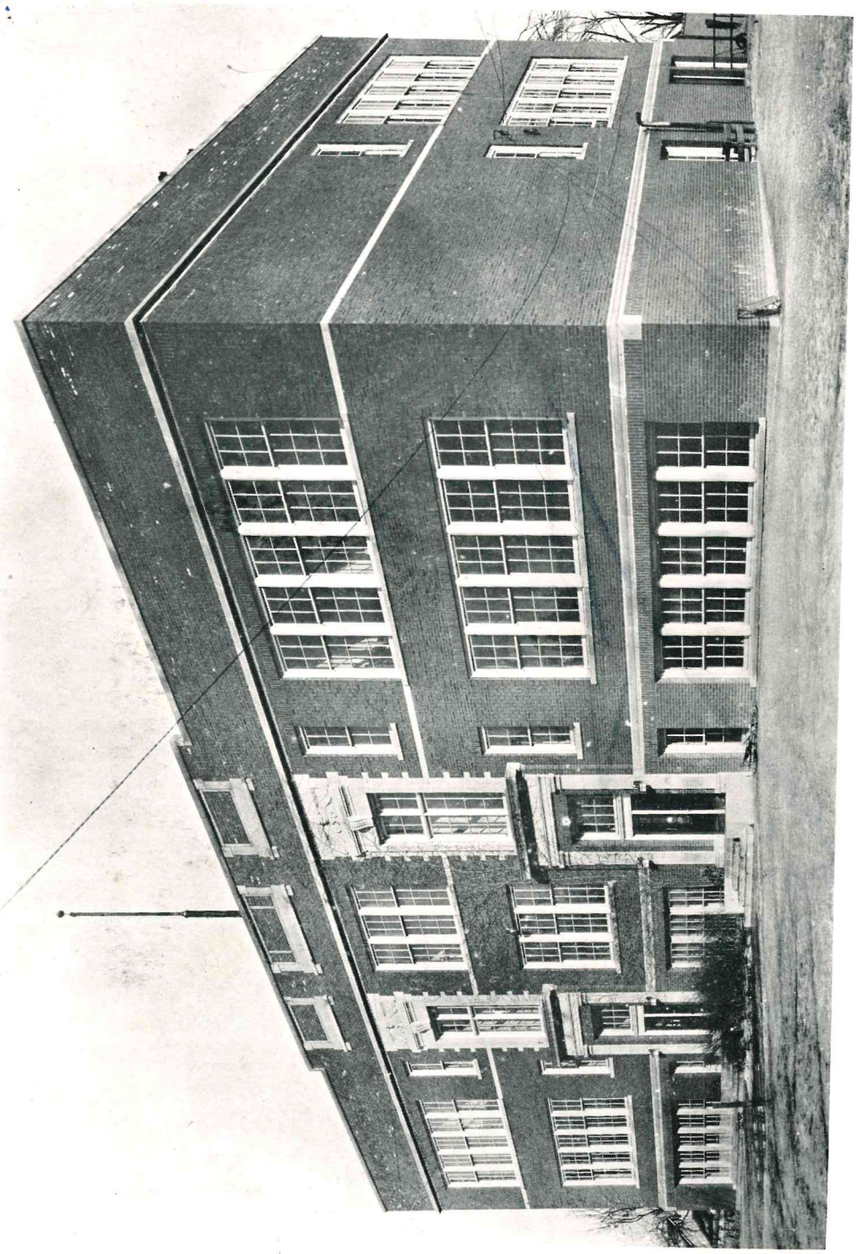
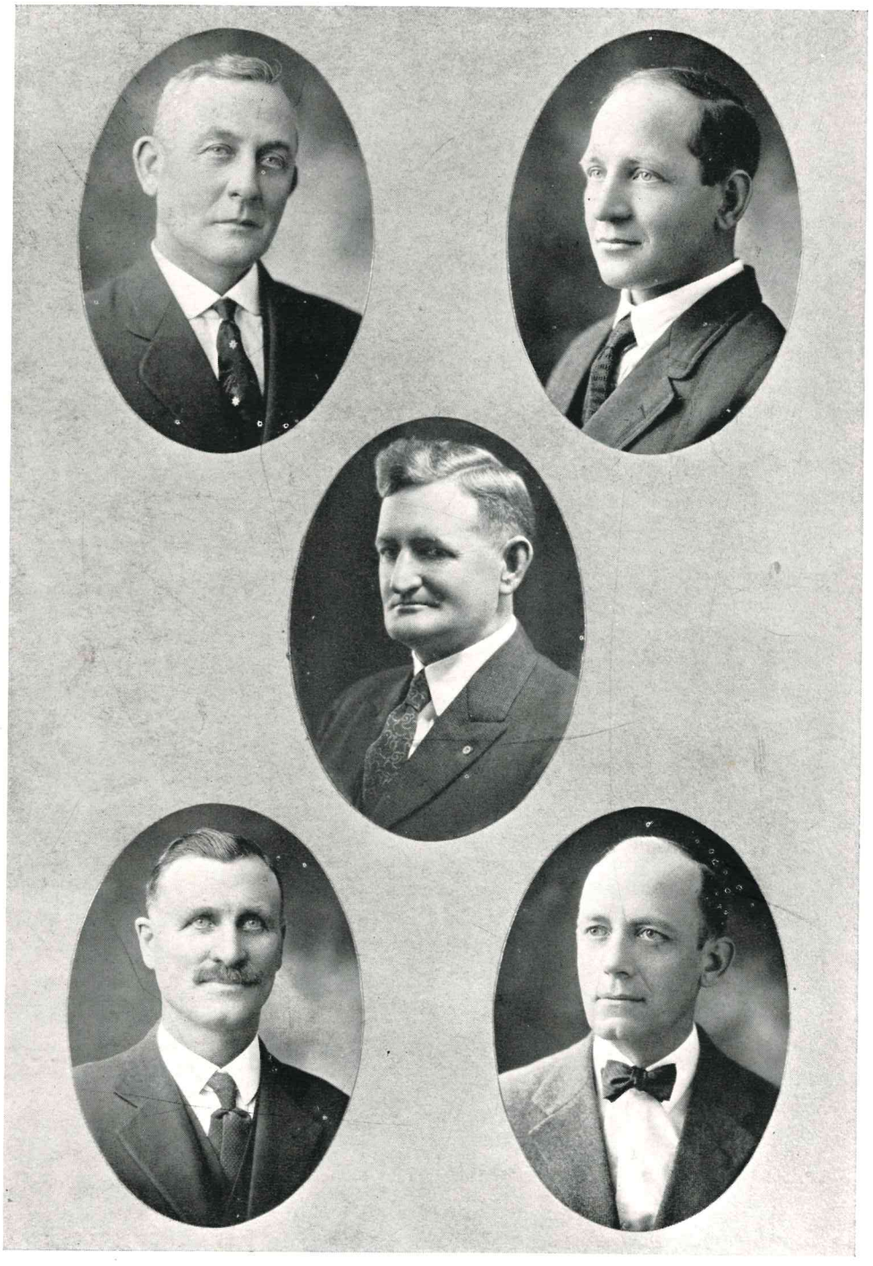


Maroa Community High School

To Miss Mabel J. Hays

We affectionately dedicate this book in appreciation of her generous assistance and willing cooperation in all high school festivities.

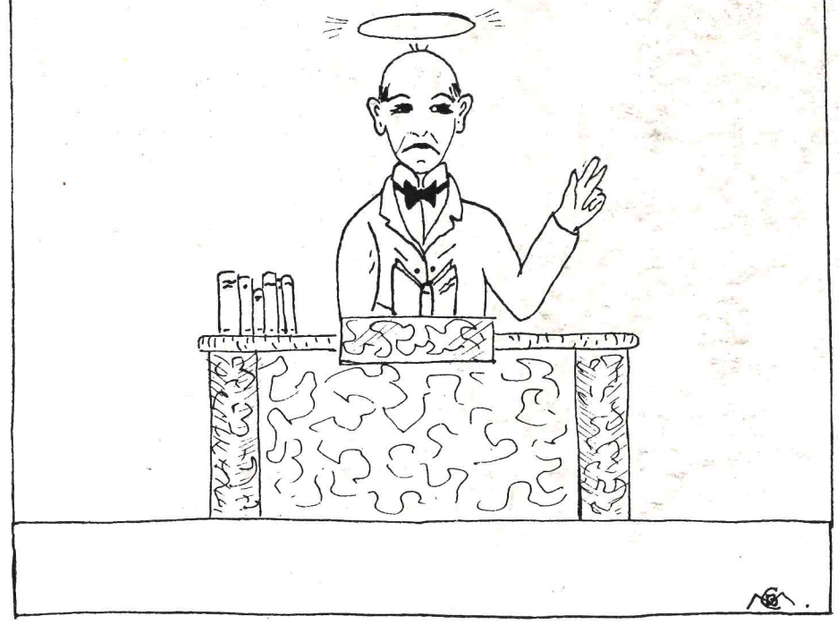


CALVIN QUERY HOWARD GRAY

D. M. DEWHIRST, Pres.

H. A. SCHULTZ N. B. STOUTENBOROUGH, Sec.

FACULTY



GRACE THEOBALD
English

MABEL HAYS
Home Economics

GEORGE A. CROSS, Principal
Agriculture

EDNA McKEE
Latin

MABEL HARALDSON
Science

AGATHA FOSSE
French, History

GERALD L. WALLACE
Mathematics, Coach

SENIOR

Nedra Funk, Pres. Beryl Matheny, V. P. Fleta Huston, Sec'y.

NEDRA FUNK

It is said, "Those so small and yet so wise,
Live not long."

Class President '25.
Secretary of Alpha Literary Society '25.
Kappa Rho '21-'24.
Gym Class and Basketball.
Glee Club '22.
Declamation '22-'23.
Oration '24.
Circulation Manager of Annual '25.

BERYL MATHENY

Two eyes of twinkling blue,
And a smile large enough for two.

Class Vice President '25.
Glee Club '22.
Kappa Rho '21-'24.
Baseball.
Football Captain '24.
Alpha Literary Society '25.

FLETA HUSTON

She flutters here
She flutters there,
They call her "Flutter Budget" everywhere.

Class Secretary and Treasurer '25
Glee Club '22.
Kappa Rho '21-'24.
Gym Class and Basketball.
President Home Economics Club '25.

RUSSELL ADAMS

He is a little backward about coming forward.

Kappa Rho '21-'24
Glee Club '22
Sec. of Ag. Club '25

PAUL THOMAS

But what a shame that one with mind so great,
Should come into our school so late.

Mount Vernon High School '21-'25
High School Orchestra '25

MARY BELLE KLING

She has two eyes so soft and brown—take care.

Kappa Rho '21-'24
Glee Club '22
Gym Class and Basketball
Class Vice-President '24
Home Ec. Club '25

SHON BOWDEN

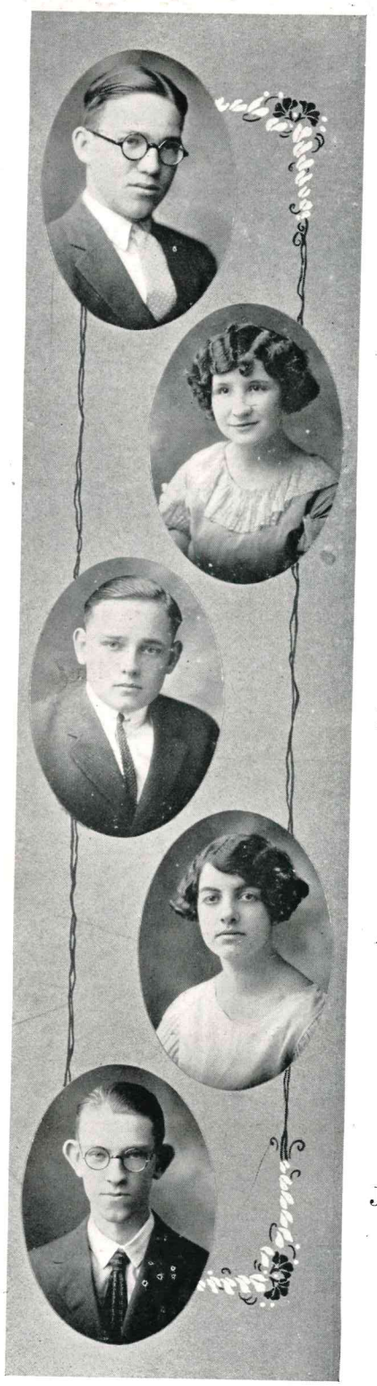
In his life ambition shines,
As do the stars on a frosty night.

Kappa Rho '21-'24
Football '22-'23
Ag. Club '25

CLAY DINE

And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry
All he knew.

Kappa Rho '21-'24
Oration '22
Glee Club '22
Class President '23
Annual Staff '25
Pres. Alpha Literary Society '25



GERALD COX

He said, or right or wrong,
What came into his head.

Kappa Rho '21-'24
Class Secretary '22
Glee Club '22
Class Vice-President '23
Class President '24
Football '24
Basketball '25
Alpha Literary Society '25

MARIE LYONS

Hasty as the winds of March,
Yet gentle as the zephyrs of May.

Kappa Rho '21-'24
Class President '22
Glee Club '22
Capt. Freshman Basketball Team '22
Gym Class and Basketball
Declamation '23
V.-Pres. Alpha Literary Society '25

DONALD SCHROEDER

Willingness is his hobby,
And kind deeds are his play.

Kappa Rho '21-'24
Glee Club '22
Ag. Club '25

AUDREY ANNA PRICE

"A spirit still and bright,
She moves with something of angelic light."

Mud Chapel School '22-23
Kappa Rho '23-'24
Secretary Latin Club '25
Annual Staff '25

JOHN ROLOFSON

I am a person long and thin,
I've yet to learn what has been.

Kappa Rho '21-'24
Glee Club '22
Ag. Club '25

Senior Class

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Class Flower:—American Beauty Rose.

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Marie Lyons

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Beryl Matheny

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Nedra Funk

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Shon Bowden

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Mary Belle Kling
Clay Dine
Paul Thomas
Nedra Funk

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Nedra Funk

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John Rolofson
Donald Schroeder

Class History

Beryl Matheny

In the fall of nineteen hundred twenty one, twenty-eight Freshmen started into high school. We all felt very dignified and thought we knew about all there was to know. However, after struggling with Latin and Algebra, we found that there was a lot left for us to learn. At our first class meeting we elected Marie Lyons, President, Lula Daggett, Vice-President, Gerald Cox, Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. Hunt, Class Adviser. The upper classmen gave a weiner roast for us at the home of Grace Cornwell. It was at this social event that Marie Lyons made her inaugural address, which was enjoyed by all. Many months of hard work and fun passed and vacation was upon us. At the end of the Freshmen year, six of our happy group had left us and only twenty-two remained.

During the summer months we all had a pleasant vacation and entered high school determined to work harder and make this a brilliant year in our career. We had a new member in our class, Edith Hutchcraft, who came to us from Beason. We elected the following officers: Clay Dine, President, Gerald Cox, Vice-President, Edna Butler, Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. Helmbrecht, Class Adviser. Our class was getting smaller each year. Edith left us to go back to Beason. Alethea Pulliam also decided to leave us. We had a lawn party at the home of Nedra Funk. This was our first class party and was enjoyed by all. Several of our number entered the Literary Meet, and although all did not take first place, they came through with high honors. Finally, balmy days came and with them school picnics, finals, Baccalaureate, Commencement, and the last day.

When we again assembled in our Junior year, we had a new member, Faye Swartz, making a total of seventeen. We elected these officers: Gerald Cox, President, Mary Belle Kling, Vice-President, Lula Daggett, Secretary and Treasurer, and Miss Hays, Class Adviser. The traditional Freshmen weiner roast was given. The Parent-Teachers Association gave the high school a Hallowe'en Party. Everyone came masked and the gathering was a great success. Our class had a carnival and box social to raise money for the Junior-Senior Banquet. Edna Butler left us and decided to try mar-

ried life. This left only sixteen in our class. After semester examinations we began to think about our Junior-Senior Banquet, which was the big undertaking of the year. Under the capable direction of Miss Hays the affair was a wonderful success. Several of our honorable Juniors entered the Literary Meet. We had not been without representation in athletics. "Joe" had gone out for football and made the team. After we had seen the Seniors graduated, we started our vacation feeling proud of the fact that WE were now Seniors.

On the first Monday in September, nineteen hundred twenty four, eleven Seniors stood on the steps of M. C. H. S. Faye Swartz had decided not to come back to school, and Gerald and Clay had been away at camp so were late in returning for school. The Seniors met them at the station and took them to the "beanery" to drink. They were welcomed back in true Senior style(?), and soon became accustomed to the routine of school life. At our first class meeting we elected these officers: Nedra Funk, President, Beryl Matheny, Vice-President, Fleta Huston, Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. Cross, Class Adviser. We knew that this was our last year in M. C. H. S. and we decided to make the most of it. "Joe" was made Captain of the football eleven and "Jerry" was a star in all the football and basketball games. Nedra Funk entertained the Seniors at a Hallowe'en Party. We believe all will remember the ride down the hard road. Nothing more exciting happened until the New Year's Watch Party, which was held at the home of Lula Daggett. Several of the Seniors made resolutions to work harder the second semester, but judging from the grades they were not carried out. After the Senior Play, Junior-Senior Banquet, Class Day, Baccalaureate, and Commencement we shall leave M. C. H. S. to become people of the world.

Class Poem

Nedra Funk

Now listen, my children, and you shall hear
Not of his horse—nor of Paul Revere,
Not of the tower—nor of the light
But of a class that's just all right.
Together we've spent many a happy day,
But now our feet are about to stray
In different paths along life's way.
Some will gain wealth—others fame,
And some will win for themselves a name.
But wherever they go, or wherever they stray
May the Lord bless and guide them alway.

Now of this class I said you should hear
So here goes—
Sweet Marie—with her cheerful smile
Craves single blessedness just for awhile.

"Snoodles" says he never could dance
That whenever he tries, his feet go in a trance,
But he takes lots of girlies in Cooper's shop
Where they "Dine" on chili, hot-doggies, and pop.

Big Babe Matheny—front name Beryl
Says he doesn't want "any ole girl",
They cost too much—so when for soda they sigh
He grins and winks the other eye.

Adams, called Russell, is a big tender brother,
He fell for a girl, she fell for another.

John Rolofson, our show man, so tall, slim, and good
Has decided to go West, way out to Hollywood.
He says he'll take Don to draw scenes for pictures.
I bet they'll be good—regular Dukes' mixtures.

Then Shon, our railroader, is always busy;
If we tried to keep up with him, we'd all be dizzy.

Audrey Ann Price says a teacher she'll be,
For she loves the kiddies and the kiddies love she.

Methinks I see Fleta with her last beau,
"Where? In my minds eye Horatio."

"Gerald the nifty," the girls like him so,
Longs to be President, of what? I don't know;
But if it's the National bank, U. S. or sand,
We feel and know that he's the right man.

Paul Thomas came to us with his secret N-7.
From reports, our boys think it's the password to heaven.

Mary Belle has her hair bobbed, so they told me to-day;
Are we all in style now? Well, I should say.

And now dear comrades and pals of mine,
I trust that I may always find
Friends as faithful, jolly, and true.
I know I shall, and so will you.

CLASS SONG

By Marie Lyons

Commencement Day is here
And Seniors are not sad.
We greet our graduation
With hearts and voices glad.

Chorus:
So Hail! all ye Seniors,
Commencement Day is here.
So Hail! all ye Seniors
Join in the happy cheer.
We gather here to bid you all
A hearty glad goodbye.
Our work is just beginning
To do our best, we'll try.

We'll cherish, Alma Mater,
The memories of you.
To your ideals and standards
We ever will be true.—Chorus:—

We've tried to fill our places
Through four long years of grind
And now, my Jolly Juniors,
It's up to you, you'll find!—Chorus:—

(With special music)

Class Prophecy

Marie Lyons

This incident took place in nineteen thirty five, just ten years after my graduation from M. C. H. S. It was a terrible day—

"Cold and dark and dreary,
It rained and the wind was never weary.
The vines still clung to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves would fall.

My heart was cold and dark and dreary,
It ached and the wind was never weary.
My hopes were of the by-gone past
But the hopes of my youth were still in the blast."

I picked out that volume of Poe's works. It had been neglected for years, for I had never forgotten the night mares that book had given me when a Senior.

The book fell open to "The Pit and the Pendulum." It had been years since I had read that. I was surprised to find I really enjoyed it. I read on and on deeply engrossed and evidently did not hear the knock, for it came this time with a crash and a threat. I hastily dropped the book. Before me stood a saucy Raven. I was tempted to slam the door for I was angry at being interrupted so rudely. But the crow is a noble fellow "becaws" it never shows a white feather nor complains without "caws", so I refrained from an act so impolite.

The Raven flew directly to an old bust of Poe over the door and perched there. I spoke to the bird and he answered, "I have come to warn you of your future, of the disaster awaiting you. All your life you've been a pleasure seeker. You are a complete failure. You have forsaken the things in life that would afford you real joy. Hollywood held nothing for you. The fortune left you by your uncle has been squandered in various escapades, where you narrowly escaped death. But your ideas are old and sophisticated. What would your noble instructors in M. C. H. S. say if they knew the ruin to which you are coming? You have forsaken all their teachings. Art, literature, science—even music finds no place in your life."

I was angry by this time, but all his statements were not false, so I asked, "Is there no redemption for myself?"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Then he proceeded to censure me. "Look at your classmates. Theirs are brilliant futures."

Could he possibly know of my friends of the old days? But I deemed it best to let him proceed without interruption.

"Beryl Matheny, your former football captain, is a decided success in the literary world. A few years ago he published a volume of "Class Room Etiquette" from which the famous and inspiring quotation—'And above all, keep up your self conceit and your belief in the students divine right to stall'—is taken.

"John Rolofson has also become widely known. Winning on a Farm Labor ticket, he was made Governor of Illinois. Later, after shifting his politics, he had become a member of the United States Senate. There he framed a bill for the annexation of the North Pole. His reasoning is very logical, for he thinks we might be able to collect income tax from Santa Claus."

Next he metioned Fleta. Quoth the Raven, "She is Darwin's Pride. After a few years of further study, she opened a music studio in the Fiji Islands, and is doing wonderful work charming and teaching the natives.

"Nedra has become the author of a new dictionary. After some years of study at Columbia, she excluded herself from society until she finished the volume. It is of great value. We owe her much. Her success was marked from the time she rushed up to you and exclaimed, 'Oh, I've just discovered the hoopemagy in that guameflopper is jimfisticated.' "

The Raven continued. "Look at Clay Dine. He will be in the millionaire class before long. At present he is working on a contraption to reclaim face powder. A great invention for those dating the flappers! At present he is residing at the Saint Recluse Inn at Chattanooga.

"Shon Bowden, after a few years, succeeded Professor Cross as Physics instructor. He was very competent. Latley, he decided to go to Europe to visit the International Bureau of Weights and Measures at Sevres, France. The liner, fired on by the hostile Japanese, was sunk, but Crandall and his party were rescued by a passing vessel. He still remains in France, and doubtlessly will become a great Physicist."

The Raven cleared his throat and went on. "Although Russell Adams has had a hard course in life, he has now risen to fame through the discovery of a perpetual motion machine. He gained his idea from watching some of the Freshmen's mouths.

"Audrey Anna Price, your prodigy, is now teaching French in a girls school in Arkansas. It is rumored that she is engaged to the mathemetics teacher there.

"Don Schroeder is a rising young chemist in Powell, Illinois. He has promised to build a new school house there when he makes his fame.

"Mary Belle Kling finally married a young surveyor well known to all the class. She will undoubtedly make him a good wife."

Unable to refrain from speaking any longer, I asked, "Will Audrey Anna ever forsake her study?"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Will Mary Belle be happy?"

Quoth the Raven, "Evermore. And Jerry (I had almost forgotten him) makes pilgrimages each year to Camp Gray, and lives over the summer spent there in nineteen twenty four. His life is not altogether one of bliss, however, for the inevitable had come. "She" had cheated him out of his happiness. A young doctor had come and in a whirl wind courtship had carried her off. Gerald was paralyzed. His faith in women is dead. The incident only helps to strengthen his views against Women's Suffrage."

Oh yes! He used to be bitter on that subject, declaring a woman's place was at home. He was very much displeased when Ma Ferguson became Governor of Texas. All his writings express his radical views and he will be happy—"Nevermore !"

"Paul Thomas has made a name for himself with his cornet. You know he was quite musically inclined. He, at present, is first solo cornetist in Sousa's Band. His is a brilliant future."

A lump arose in my throat—"and I have come to this." I hastily gathered up my books and left the room. However, I had resolved to do better, to do something of which I might be proud. I, Marie Lyons, was the thirteenth member of the class of twenty five,—the victim of that mystic, merciless number.

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of 1925, being of sound mind and body at this writing, unanimously agree to offer and present unto you, the Junior Class, all our virtues, experiences, and our bountiful knowledge of scholasticism.

For your faithfulness in patiently waiting to fill our responsibilities and places, we furthermore present to you the following personal items which we have cherished and possessed during our school life.

I, Nedra Funk, give unto the most deserving member my ability as a singer which has never been fully cultivated or plowed under.

I, Russell Adams, give bashful Charles my secrets of capturing fair ladies hearts.

I, Gerald Cox, being a Ford driver of rare instinct, release all rights on my old tires which I present to "Bugger" Burns, who will use them as pie molds at Cooper's Cafeteria.

I, Clay Dine, am deeply indebted to the Junior Class, and present my entire estate consisting of four corn cob pipes, one can of Edgeworth and my treatise on "Tin Roofs for Old Soldiers Homes."

I, Fleta Huston, leave my vast knowledge of Culinary Arts. I have found that the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

I, Beryl Matheny, leave to my successor, all the chewing gum wrappers in my desk; also my place as protector of fire escape doors.

I, Donald Schroeder, present my book "Magic" to the first boy who proves that the moon is not made of green cheese.

I, Marie Lyons, present to every girl a bit of my knowledge on breaking boys' hearts.

I, John Rolofson, user of big words, actor of note, and superscientist leave my book "The Actors' Stupifier," to be used as a guide in acting.

I, Audrey Anna Price, bequeath my ability of toe dancing to any nimble toed girl.

I, Mary Belle Kling, being poetically inclined give my poem entitled, "What Could Be More Dumb Than a Physics Class," to the

class succeeding us. My hopes are that the answer will be found someday.

I, Paul Thomas, being a musician of note, am writing now a ballad entitled "When My Grades Go Down I Am Sure to Flunk" which I present to the remaining classes to be used as a warning.

Last and least, I, Shon Crandall Bowden, present to every student who aspires to be a lawyer my book on "Writing Wills Before Death."

We hereby nominate and appoint Mr. G. L. Wallace executor of this our last will and testimony.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this fourth day of March 1925 A. D.

Class of 1925

SHON C. BOWDEN, Class Attorney

"ANNE WHAT'S HER NAME!"

The Senior Class play, "Anne What's Her Name!", was given at the Opera House on April fifteenth and sixteenth. It was well attended. Every one seemed more than pleased with the production, declaring that each one played his part exceptionally well. The success of the play was due largely to the coach, Miss Grace Theobald.

Cast

Anthony Wheat.... ....Clay Dine
"Mooney".... ....Fleta Huston
Marjorie.... ....Mary B. Kling
Burkes.... ....Beryl Matheny
Barbara.... ....Nedra Funk
Grandma.... ....Lula Daggett
Willie Peabody..... .. ..Gerald Cox
Louise Byers ....Mary B. Caplinger
Doran.... ....Shon Bowden
Nancy ....Mare Lyons
Judge Bunby.... .... .John Rolofson
Mrs. Whittle.... ....Beatrice Liming
Ebenezer Whittle.... ....Russell Adams
Dr. Aked.... ....Donald Schroeder

Synopsis: Prologue: Anthony Wheat's Bachelor Apartment.
Acts I., II., III.: Living room in Judge Bunby's house.

JUNIOR

Junior Class History

The class officers for this year are Mary Wood, President, and Herbert Kammarmeyer, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Junior and Sophomore classes greatly enjoyed a weiner roast held last fall in the beautiful woods around Texas church. The fire was built on top of a high hill and after each had eaten his share, a large circle was formed around the fire. Each one was then given a chance to share in entertaining the bunch with jokes, the ever-popular "ghost" stories, and the like. Songs were sung and yells were given.

At the high school carnival the "Magical Operation", put on as the Junior stunt, was one of the many attractions.

Most of the members of the High School Orchestra this year are Juniors. They are; Edith Milnes, violinist; Ernestine Malone, violinist; Mary Wood, pianist; Charlie Kammarmeyer, cornetist; and Earl Schenck clarinetist.

There is a very enthusiastic bunch of athletes in the class. Four out of the eleven members of the football team were Juniors. Orville Doak played left-tackle, Robert Bolen, left half-back, Herbert Kammarmeyer, right half-back, and Charlie Kammarmeyer, fullback. Most of the brilliant touchdowns were made by our honorable full-back, "Red" Grange, the "Second."

Captain Robert Bolen, center; Charlie and Herbert Kammarmeyer, guards, helped win the twelve out of thirteen games played by the fast and snappy quintette.

The Junior class also boasts of having a Girls' Basketball team which has won the Inter-class Tournament the past two years and is hoping and working hard to win again this year. The lineup is as follows: Mary Wood, captain and forward, Helen Groves, forward; Mary E. Stallings, center, Rhonetta Lyman, and Ernestine Malone, guards.

Last, but not least, in athletics is our peppy yell-leader, Delbert Burns. He has been successful in arousing true school spirit and enthusiasm among the student body as a whole.

The Junior class was well represented in the high school play, "The Toastmaster." Mary Elizabeth Stallings and Ross Parker were the leading characters. Delbert Burns seemed to have had unusual ability in portraying the character of hopeful, stuttering "George Mac Intosh." Guy Morrow as "Henry Reed" was typical of the average college student. James Morgan as "Bob Kenmark" was sometimes exaspirating to his friends in his use of so many well-known and time-worn maxims.

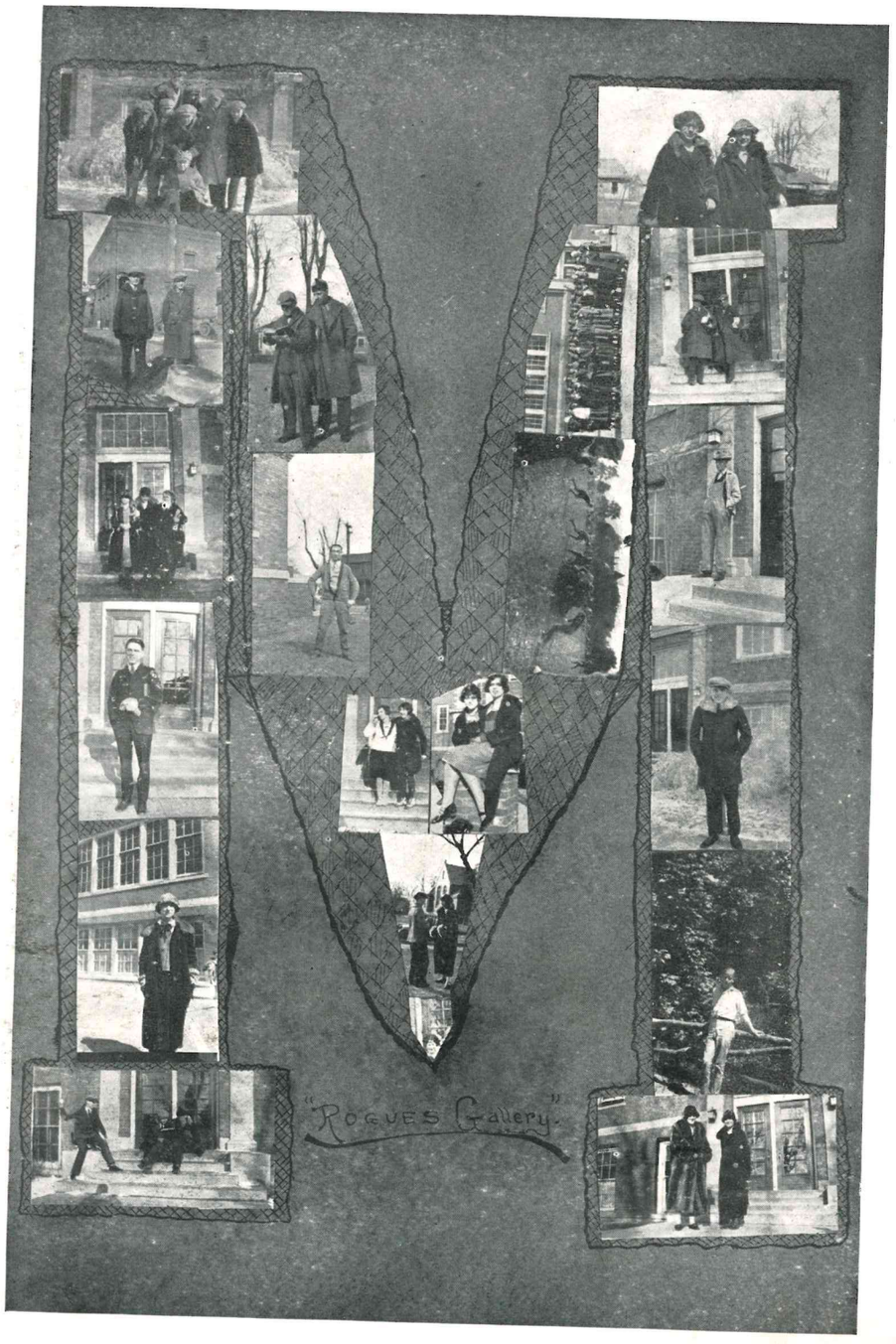
The Editorial Staff of "The Maronois" has Juniors for its most important members. These are: Mary Wood, Earl Schenck, Mary Belle Caplinger, Delbert Burns, Ross Parker and Guy Morrow.

Mary Elizabeth Stallings won a free copy of the "Maronois" for contributing the winning name in the contest held for the naming of the annual.

—Mary Elizabeth Stallings

Class of '26

Back Row—R. Bolen, H. Kammarmeyer, O. Doak, H. Shields, C. Kammarmeyer, H. Bowden, C. Gardner, J. Morgan, G. Morrow.
Middle Row—P. Campbell, F. Query, E. Milnes, H. Groves, M. Wood, M. E. Stallings, E. Malone, E. Foulke, L. Friis, E. W. Schenck.
Front Row—L. Smith, R. Parker, R. Lyman, M. B. Caplinger, M. Foulke, B. Lyming, I. Smart, F. Andes, F. Luckenbill, L. East, D. Burns.


"Rogues Gallery"

SOPHOMORE

Sophomore Class

The Sophomore class elected the following officers this year:

President—Richard Crum

Vice-President—Florence Wood

Secretary and Treasurer—LaMon Moyer

As Richard quit school Florence took his place at the helm.

A few of our boys have shown up as athletes, Everette Wilson in foot-ball, Bernard Schultz, Claude Rogers, and Dwight Allsup in foot-ball and basket-ball.

Several of our members have graced the honor-roll with their names, and at least one of our members has achieved the distinction of having been on every month. This was Florence Wood.

Our class together with the Juniors enjoyed a picnic at Texas church last fall. Weird stories were told around the camp-fire.

One of the class, Gladys Luckenbill was in the high school play, "The Toast-master." Miner Smart and Leonard Caplinger were property managers.

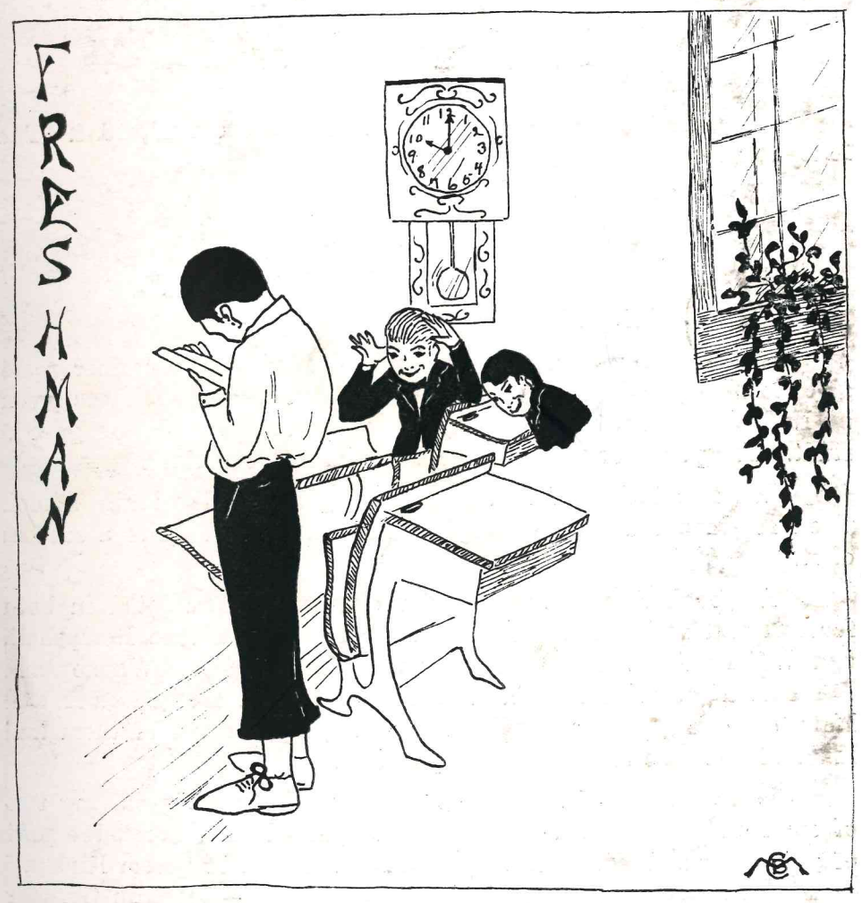
At the high school carnival the "Haunted House," put on as the Sophomore stunt, was one of the many attractions.

—LaMon Moyer

Class of '27

Back Row—C. Rogers, E. Wilson, D Morgan, R Wendling, G. Mettler, D. Allsup, L. Caplinger.
Middle Row—L. Moyer, W. Staninger, O Moore, F Wood, H. Bolen, H. Tozer, M. Smart, B. Schultz.
Front Row—H. Link, F. Rogers, L. Richison, M. Stoutenborough, R. Robinson, G. Luckenbill, D. Longsdorff, M. Crum, L. Price, T. Wilson.

Evolution (man from Monkey) This Proves
"KIDS!"
THE True Story
In Her Teens
"Cutie?"
"We-ll"
THE Sky Pilot
"Maxunois" Editor
"We-ll"
"F'eaven's Sake!"
BARNUM MAY have Produced BIGGER
FREAKS than US—BUT—WE DOUBT IT


FRESHMAN

Freshman Class

The Freshman Class was organized September 11, 1924. The following officers were elected:

President—Mildred Lyman

Vice President—Kenneth Thomas

Secretary and Treasurer—Virginia Grismer

Adviser—Miss Theobald

We were initiated into high school affairs by a weiner roast given in honor of the Freshman Class. The welcome speech was given by Nedra Funk and answered by our president. Each class gave a stunt. The prize for the best one was given to our class.

We also took part in the carnival given by the high school. The Freshman Class gave aeroplane rides and made quite a success of it.

Although few in number, our class was represented in both football and basketball. Emanuel Morganthaler, Wayne Kempshall, and Willis Creekmur went out for the football team. Wayne and Emanuel made their letters. Although Emanuel Morganthaler and Harold McKinney went out for basketball, neither one of them had much of a chance to play on the quintette.

In the high school play our class was honored by having two of our members chosen to take part. Raymond Smith took the part of "Buzzer" and Emanuel Morganthaler the part of "Tom Ripley."

—Virginia Grismer

Class of '28

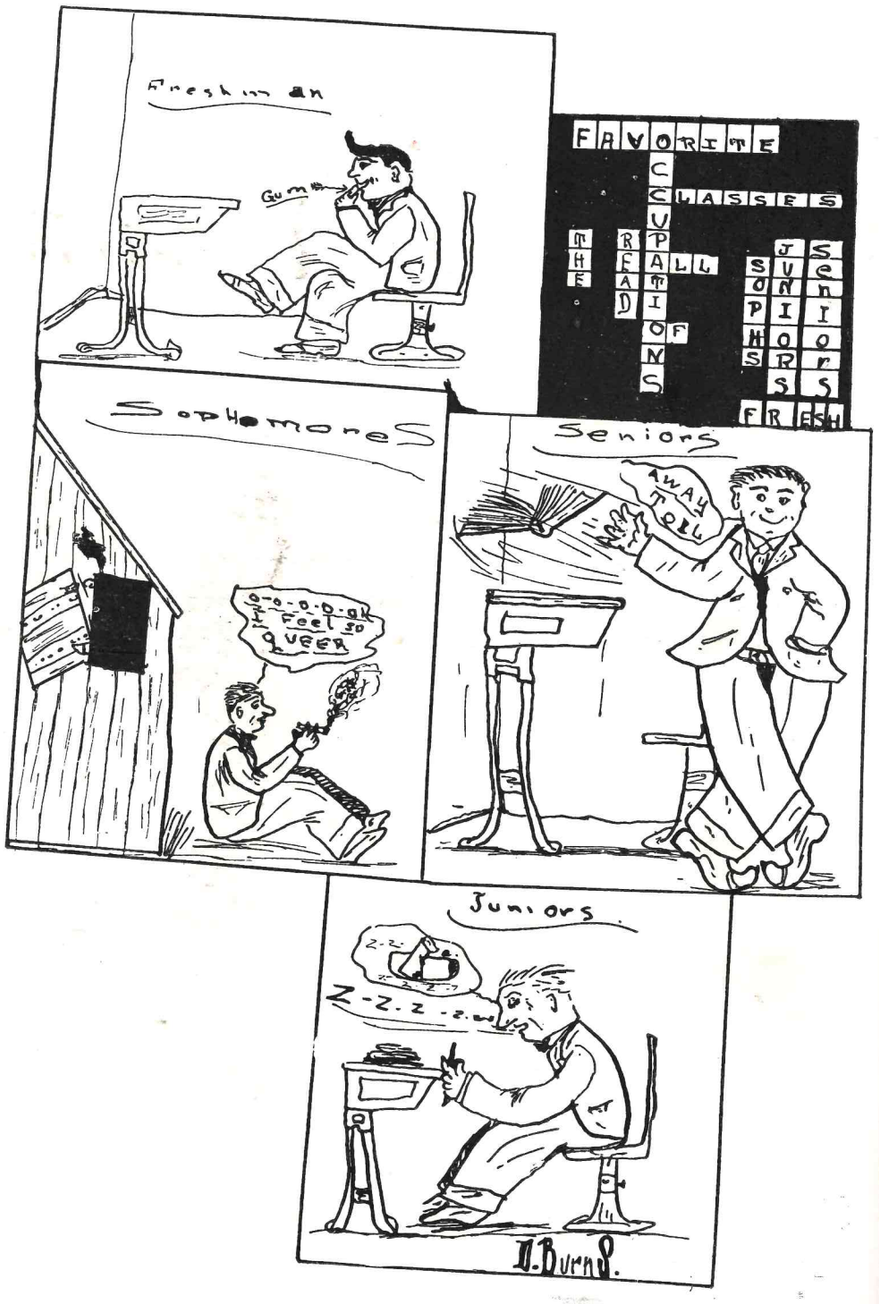
Back Row—W. Creekmur, H. Groves, E. Lyons, I. Wendling, E. Brooks, V. Thomas, S. Glancy, E. Braden, H. Thomas, H. McKinney, C. Shoemaker

Fourth Row—O. Fyke, C. L. Wikoff, M. Hepworth, L. Shields, L. Schultz, M. Bowden, W. Kempshall, K. Thomas, W. Lackey, E. Andes.

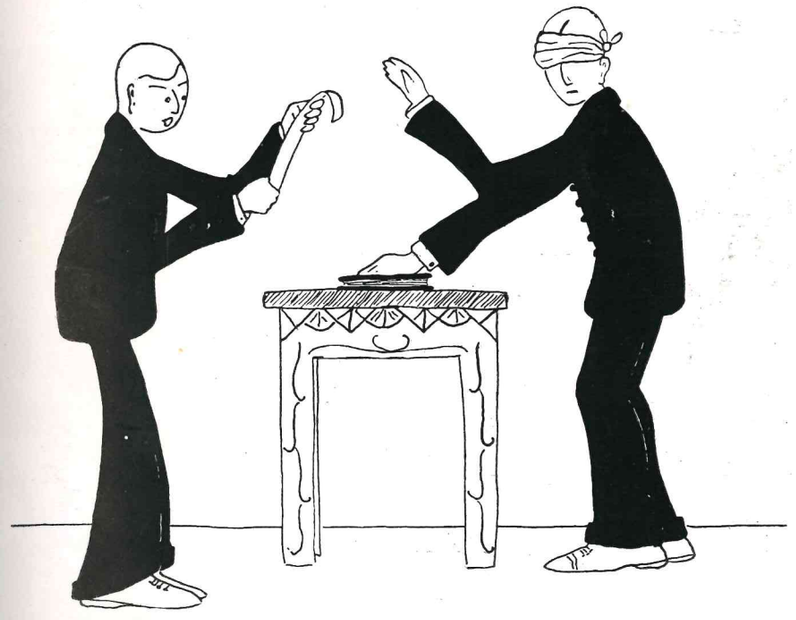
Third Row—O. Lane, M. Hastings, D. Rogers, T. Luckenbill, B. Short, P. Meador, R. Smith, A. Gray, W. Query, H. Grismer.

Second Row—L. Andes, R. McPheron, R. Smart, J. Smart, M. Milnes, M. R. Wade, W. Stuller, M. Austin, K. Wheeler.

First Row—K. Smith, G. Fishel, V. Reed, V. Grismer, E. Query, E. Reiter, L. Crum, M. Lyman, L. Crum, E. Luckenbill, E. Morganthaler, V. Westerman, R. Staninger, H. Fritts.



Organizations



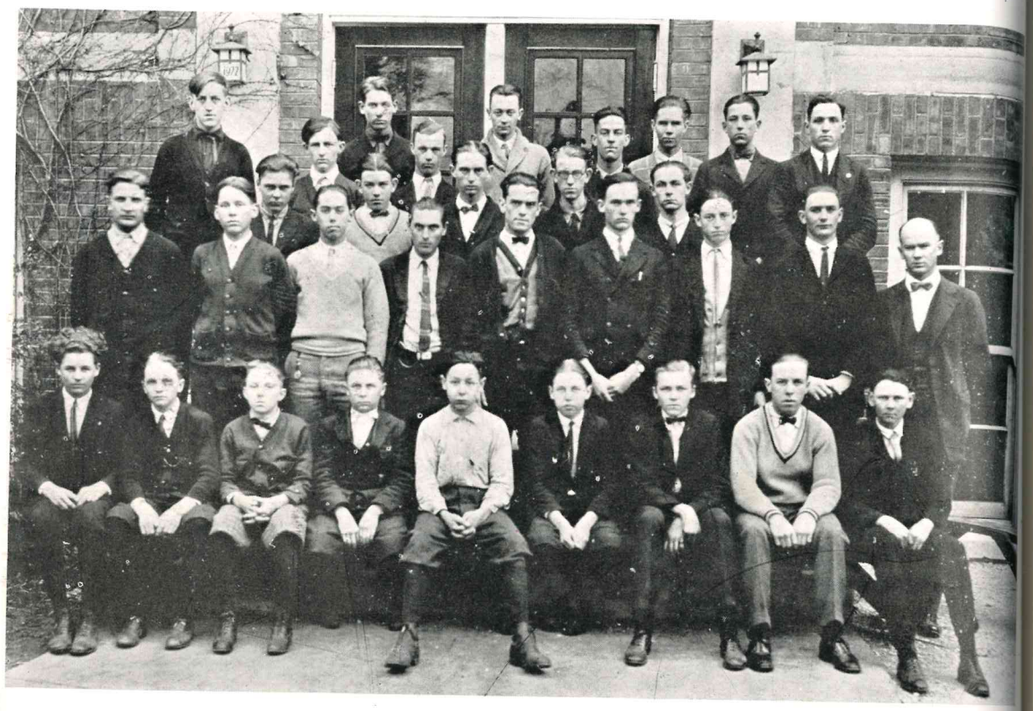
The Maronois Staff

The Annual Staff of Maroa High School was chosen by the Faculty from the Student Body.

Editor.... ....Mary Wood
Assistant Editor.... ....Rose Robinson
Business Manager.. ....Earl Schenck
Assistant Manager.... ....LaMon Moyer
Circulation Manager.... ....Nedra Funk
Art Editor.... ....Mary Belle Caplinger
Girls Athletics.... ....Florence Wood
Boys Athletics.... ....Guy Morrow
Organizations.... ....Audrey Anna Price
Calendar.... ....Clay Dine
Cartoons-Jokes.... ....Delbert Burns
Typist.... ....Paul Thomas
Quotations.... ....Ross Parker
Faculty Adviser.... .. . .Miss A. R. Fosse

In behalf of the Staff I take this opportunity to thank Miss Fosse for her splendid supervision and efforts in publishing our annual.

—Mary Wood



Agriculture Club

Back Row—E. Lyons, O. Doake, R. Wendling, E. Braden, L. Caplinger, E. Andes.

4th Row—H. Grismer, C. Gardner, H. Bowden.

3rd Row—E. Morganthaler, W. Staninger, H. Shields, J. Rolofson, G. Mettler.

2nd Row—H. Kammarmeyer, W. Lackey, H. McKinney, E. Kaiser, S. Bowden, R. Adams, C. Rogers, E. Wil

Mr. Cross.

1st Row—H. Thomas, V. Reed, H. Fritts, R. Smith, K. Smith, W. Creekmur, E. Luckenbill, D. Allsup, G. Fish

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Agricultural Clubs were first organized in nineteen hundred twenty. The Agricultural Club in Maroa Community High School was organized in nineteen hundred twenty four with twenty eight members. The dates of the club meetings are the second and fourth Fridays of each month. The officers are:

President—Orville Doak
Vice President—Herbert Kammarmeyer
Secretary—Russell Adams
Treasurer—Carl Gardner

The purpose of the club is a dual one, namely: to promote interest in agriculture and to help pupils decide whether or not agriculture shall be their chosen vocation.

The programs are composed of talks by various club members on developments and possibilities of agriculture.

Home Economics Club

Back Row—M. B. Kling, F. Query.

Fourth Row—F. Huston, C. L. Wikoff, V. Thomas, O. Moore, E. Brooks.

Third Row—R. Smart, O. Fyke, L. Shields, D. Rogers, P. Meador, O. Lane.

Second Row—Miss Hays, R. Lyman, T. Luckenbill, L. Schultz, M. Austin, G. Luckenbill, M. Crum, M. Hepworth, L. Fiiis.

Front Row—M. Foulke, E. Malone, P. Campbell, R. McPheron, L. Crum, M. Lyman, L. Crum, I. Smart. F. Luckenbill.

Officers

President—Fleta Huston
Vice President—Isabelle Smart
Secretary—Gladys Luckenbill
Treasurer—Pauline Campbell
Reporter—Margaret Foulke
Adviser—Miss Hays

Our club was organized in November nineteen hundred twenty four. Our motto is "We build the ladder by which we rise." Meetings are held every two weeks. Our programs consist of things pertaining to the interest of the home and the girl. We have music, plays, talks of etiquette, reports on the lives of famous women, talks by professional women, and parties. We try to reach many phases of women's interests and duties.

—Margaret Foulke

Manus Discipulorum Latinorum

Our Latin Club is modeled in organization after the ancient Roman Government. The officers are as follows:

Consuls (Presiding Officers)—Leonard East, Florence Wood

Censor (Secretary)—Audrey Anna Price

Quaestor (Treasurer)—Dorothy Longsdorff

Aediles (Entertainment)—Mary Wood, Lorene Price, Edith Milnes, Delbert Burns

Magister (Supervisor)—Miss McKee.

The purpose or aim of our organization is to create a greater interest in the Latin language and to become more proficient in its use. The programs carry out a varied group of intellectual activities. These are given in Latin and English. Mythology, readings, simple plays, contests, games, and music constitute the programs, which are given every two weeks.

This great learned language assumes an interesting form in the programs by having brought out in them the cultural and important qualities that will always make it live.

—Audrey Anna Price

Manus Discipulorum Latinorum

Back Row—C. Shoemaker, H. Groves, K. Thomas, L. Moyer, L. East.
Second Row—S Glancy, E Milnes, A. A. Price, M Wood, F. Wood, L. Price, D. Longsdorff.
Front Row—D. Burns, I. Wendling, E. Query, R. Robinson, Miss McKee, M. R. Wade, K. Wheeler, L. Andes, V. Westerman, W. Query.

Alpha Literary Society

The Alpha Literary Society was organized in the fall of nineteen twenty four to take the place of Kappa Rho, the old literary society to which each member of the high school had belonged. Only those interested in some phase of literary work were asked to join.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

President—Clay Dine

Vice President—Marie Lyons

Secretary—Nedra Funk

Treasurer—Robert Bolen

Sergeant-at-Arms—Guy Morrow

Our society is divided into three sections, dramatics, debate, and discussion. These are supervised respectively by Miss Theobald, Mr. Wallace, and Miss Fosse.

The aim of the society is threefold to correspond with its divisions, namely: first, to enable the students to become better acquainted with good plays and to learn to carry them out; second, to enable the students to become speakers, to train them to use better English in speaking and to promote ideas of correct reasoning; third, to give the students a knowledge of the best works of art and literature of all nations, ancient and modern, through the informal reports and discussion of such topics.

A joint meeting of the sections is held on the average of once every two months at which time a varied literary program is given.

Nedra Funk

Literary Club

Back Row—B. Schultz, B. Matheny, E. Schenck, D. Schroeder.
Third Row—D. Morgan, C. Kammarmeyer, G. Cox, C. Dine, R. Parker, R. Crum, J. Morgan, W. Kempshall.
Second Row—R. Bolen, G. Morrow, M. Bowden, H. Groves, H. Bolen, M. E. Stallings, M. B. Caplinger, L. Smith, R. Staninger, G. L. Wallace, A. Gray.
Front Row—V. Grismer, M. Milnes, M. Lyons, N. Funk, F. Andes, L. Richison, B. Short, T. Wilson, L. Daggett, E. Foulke, G. Theobald, A. Fosse.

"The Toastmaster"

"The Toastmaster" is a snappy college comedy centering around the capturing of the Sophomore Toastmaster. The Sophomores were going to hold a banquet. The Freshmen attempted to capture and hold the Sophomore Toastmaster until after the evening of the banquet. All the serious efforts of the Freshmen fail, much to the pleasure of the audience, and the object of all the trouble, the Toastmaster, is presented.

The play went off very well, due to the excellent coaching of Miss Grace Theobald.

The Cast of Characters

Bill Morgan, who loves and owes.... ....Ross Parker
"Towel" Fairfax, The "Toastmaster".... ....Leeo Smith
Bob Kenmark, a friend of Bill's.... ....James Morgan
Henry Reed, a son of Prof. Reed.... ....Guy Morrow
Tom Ripley, a friend of Henry's.... ....Emanuel Morganthaler
George Mac Intosh, who loves and hopes.. .... ..Delbert Burns
Prof. Reed, who has something to say.... .. ..John Rolofson
Mrs. Reed, who has nothing to say.. .. ..Gladys Luckenbill
Cynthia, their daughter.... ....Mary Elizabeth Stallings
Buzzer, their small son who has too much to say.Raymond Smith

Property Managers—Leonard Caplinger, Miner Smart

Synopsis

ACT 1—Room belonging to Morgan and Fairfax. (Evening)
ACT 2—Library at Prof. Reed's. (Next Morning)
ACT 3—Room at the Grand Hotel. (Same Evening)
Scene: No place in particular.
Time: Present.

Cast in "The Toastmaster"

Front Row:—Miss Theobald, G. Luckenbill, R. Smith, J. Rolofson, D. Burns, M. E. Stallings, R. Parker.
Back Row:—E. Morganthaler, L. Smith, M. Smart, J. Morgan, G. Morrow, L. Caplinger.

High School Orchestra

Let us introduce you to the members of the High School Orchestra:

Charles Kammarmeyer.... ....Cornetist

Dwight Allsup.. ....Cornetist

Ernestine Malone.. .. ..Violinist

Edith Alice Milnes.... ....Violinist

Maud Davis.... .. ..Violinist

Earl Schenck.... ....Clarinetist

Florence Wood.... ....Saxophonist

Mary Wood.... ....Pianist

Wayne Kempshall.... ....Drummer

Mrs. D. M. Dewhirst.. ....Director

The success of the orchestra is due chiefly to the talent and leadership of Mrs. D. M. Dewhirst, whom we wish to thank for her patience, her efforts, and the time she has so kindly devoted to directing the orchestra.

High School Orchestra

Front Row—W. Kempshall, F. Wood, E. Malone, E. Milnes, M. Davis, E. Schenck.
Back Row—C. Kammarmeyer, M. Wood, Mrs. Dewhirst, D. Allsup.

The Girl Scouts

The Eagle Patrol of the Girl Scouts was organized in October nineteen hundred twenty four with eleven members. The officers are:

Captain—Miss Spires

First Lieutenant—Miss Haraldson

Second Lieutenant—Lucile Richison

Patrol Leader—Beatrice Liming

Corporal—Jean Smart

Secretary and Treasurer—Marian Hastings

The purpose of the Girl Scouts is to promote good citizenship, care of health, and interest in home duties.

Meetings are held every two weeks at which we take up the study of nature, discussing the animal and plant life of the community in relation to its physiographical features. Hikes are taken every two weeks. In this way the girls get into the open air where they can study nature first hand. We are planning a camping trip for the spring and swimming lessons at the Y. W. C. A. in Decatur.

Members

Mildred Stoutenborough
Marian Hastings
Beatrice Liming
Lucile Richison
Jean Smart
Wilma Stuller
Alberta Stevens
Florence Rogers
Helen Link
Helen Tozer

Marian Hastings

Athletics

Basket Ball Team

Back Row—H. Kammarmeyer, Bowden, Coach G. L. Wallace, Schultz, C. Kammarmeyer.

Front Row—Rogers, Cox, Bolen, Capt.; Allsup.

Playing fifteen games during the entire season and losing only two is the brilliant record of Captain Bolen's basket-tossers for the season 1924-25.

Maroa had one of the best teams this year it has ever had. Bolen and Allsup featured in most of the games by their lightning passes and remarkable basket-shooting. The excellent guarding of the Kammarmeyer brothers contributed greatly to the team. Our center Schultz was very good, in the defensive game, in breaking up plays. Caplinger improved greatly toward the end of the season and should be a valuable player for next year's team.

While a great deal of credit must be given to the first five, we must not forget the rest of the boys. If there was a call for a substitute, as in the last Warrensburg game, there had to be some one ready to go in and take the other's place.

The team suffered a great misfortune in losing "Chic" Rogers at the end of the first semester as he was very fast on the floor both in passing and shooting.

None of this year's stars are to be graduated and Maroa is hoping to have one of the best teams in Central Illinois next year.

Summary of the Season

Kenney.. 8	Maroa.... 21
Weldon.. 14	Maroa.. 19
Assumption.... 5	Maroa.... 14
Kenney.... 12	Maroa.. 16
Strasburg.. 11	Maroa.... 27
Mahomet.. 25	Maroa.. 22
Wapella.... 9	Maroa.. 22
Warrensburg.. 10	Maroa.... 20
Assumption.. 6	Maroa.. 22
Weldon.. 14	Maroa.. 23
Taylorville 16	Maroa.. 25
Wapella.... ... .22	Maroa.... 23
Warrensburg.... 14	Maroa.. 15
Argenta.. 11	Maroa.... 21
Warrensburg.. 21	Maroa.. 17

—Guy Morrow

1-2-3!
Let her go!
Say her fast, but say her slow.
Boom! get a rat-trap,
Bigger than a cat-trap.
Boom! get a rat-trap,
Bigger than a cat-trap.
Cannibal! Cannibal!
Sis, boom, bah!
Maroa High School
Rah, Rah, Rah!

Allah-Rah!
Allah-Rah!
Allah-Rah, Rah, Rah!
Yo————————Yah!
Yo————————Yah!
M. C. H. S. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Girls' Gym Class and Basket Ball Team

Back Row—E. Milnes, H. Groves, M. B. Kling, M. E. Stallings.
Fourth Row—M. Milnes, R. Lyman, L. Richison, M. Foulke, M. Wood, M. Bowden.
Third Row—R. Wade, E. Foulke, C. L. Wikoff, L. Crum, D. Rogers, W. Stuller, F. Wood, F. Rogers.
Second Row—E. McKee, Coach; N. Funk, R. Robinson, T. Wilson, M. Lyman, G. Luckenbill, E Malone, R. McPheron, L. Crum.
Front Row—E. Reiter, M. Austin, V. Grismer, L Andes, M. Stoutenborough, K. Wheeler, J. Smart, I. Wendling, M. Crum, D. Longsdorff.

Meet the members of the jolly Gym Class!

This was organized under the leadership of Edna B. McKee in September nineteen hundred twenty.

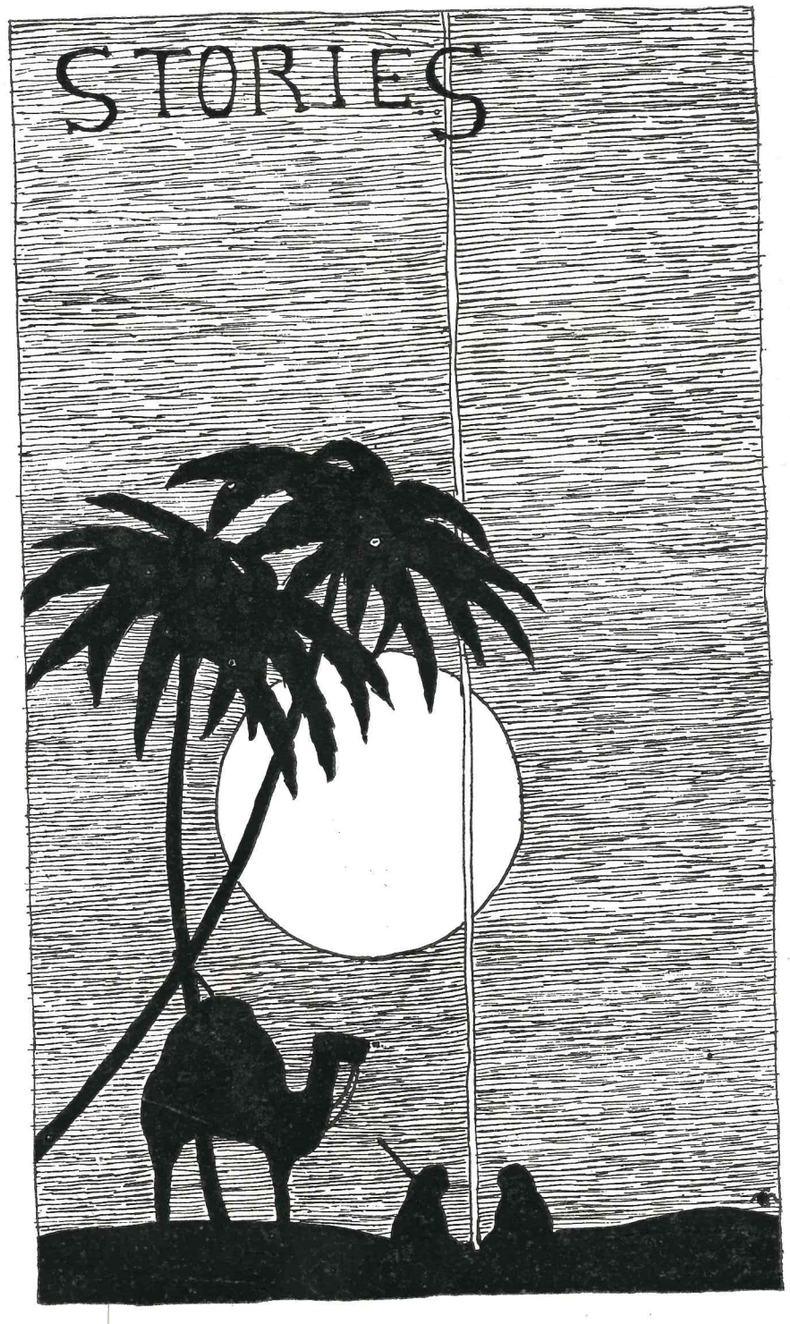
To say that we greatly enjoy this class is expressing it mildly. We look forward to each weekly meeting with happy anticipation. The hikes we have, and evenings spent in gymnastics, folk dances, and basketball will remain a pleasant memory as long as we live.

No doubt, each one of us is a healthier, happier girl as a result of Miss McKee's kindly efforts with us.

At the end of the season, after an inter-class tournament as a grand climax, the victors are entertained by the vanquished. This usually takes the form of a picnic supper and track meet. Old scores are forgotten and all acknowledge that they have the time of their lives. As a reward for attendance and general athletic efficiency, our director awards the letter "M."

We all extend to Miss McKee a vote of thanks for her inspiring companionship, and unfailing patience with all of us.

Florence Wood



The Chimes

Marie Lyons

Jean was a little French girl, an orphan since the Great War. She lived in a beautiful little village in southern France with her grandparents. In stature she was small and fairy like. Her beautiful black curls fell heavily over her shoulders, and her black eyes fairly beamed like tiny suns showing her sweet personality.

Her life had been blighted because of the sorrow she had endured. Her father, a brave soldier, was shot down on the battle fields. Her mother, a gifted musician, had followed him soon after to the unknown land.

The sexton of the village church, was her grandfather. Every evening it was his duty and his pleasure to ring the chimes. Just as the sun, in all its glory would go to rest they would peal out over the land, a comfort and a blessing to the toilers of the village.

It was Jean's fond ambition to ring the chimes herself, those chimes that had tolled so sadly for her sorrow. Each day she begged her grandfather to grant her that privilege, and each day he would answer, "No Jeanie, I cannot. But some day I shall teach you to ring the chimes."

The sun was lowering in the western sky. The beautiful and numerous hues mingled and blended into a superb picture. The blue lake in front of Jean's home shimmered and then was still, also paying respect to the parting sun giant. In the distance the Nightingale was heard and all was peace and at rest in the village. Her grandparents were resting on the bench in front of the cottage, but Jean was not there.

Suddenly through the air pealed the chimes, joyful and sad at the same moment. They seemed to shake the universe. Then they were so soft they could hardly be heard. They trembled, then were calm again. The sweet melodies gripped the hearts of the village folk. The old sexton started. Who had dared? But he was paralized and sank again to the bench. The villagers stopped and wondered. Tears came to their eyes. On and on they rang. Even the sun seemed to linger a little longer, dreading to lose the melody. The sky became more glorious and the lake shimmered with delight.

The sexton and peasants had reached the door and beheld little Jean, bright eyed and happy, ringing the chimes with sublime confidence. This was her happiness. She had been determined and had accomplished her end.

Time has passed quickly and Jean, like her mother has become a talented and famous musician But never have the chimes poured forth melodies as they did then; never has the sun seemed to linger, loath to leave, and every evening the aged sexton rings them as before.

A Romance of Mammoth Cave

Audrey Anna Price

Kenneth Renshaw started to fulfill his burning desire and most cherished hope. This was to explore the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. It had one-hundred fifty miles of passages.

Midsummer Day, his twenty-first birthday, found him at the cave opening with the necessary provisions. He had an abundant supply of flexible wire which he secretely and securely fastened to the outside of the cave. He went into the cavern.

Then for hours and days he roamed in a veritable Paradise,—amid lime deposit forms more beautiful than any sculpturing or architecture. Each room and winding corridor revealed superb columns and statues, sparkling streams and waterfalls, immense, but ever silent pipe organs, wall imprints of gardens, villas, mansions, and luxuriant trees.

After fifty hours had elapsed, he neared the end. Lo! Before him hung an elaborate drapery as though it were a great curtain ready to rise for grand opera. Upon each side was a small, low balcony with an entrance.

He vaulted lightly into one and entered a small, gloomy room. He saw a long wooden box, and after much prying, he opened it. Within it lay thousands of Spanish doubloons and "Pieces of Eight."

Just then a grating and slight chainlike clanging sounded in the other balcony room. He rushed there and beheld a young, golden-haired girl bound with cruel leather straps and stout chains. She was almost exhausted from hunger, thirst, and fatigue.

Through the gentle care that he gave her, she recovered in a few days. An apparently beautiful goddess appeared upon her recovery. Her rich tresses fell like a golden cloud about her shoulders. Sky blue eyes and a fair complexion completed that lovely flower of girlhood.

Kenneth learned that her name was Phyllis and yearned to know the details concerning her capture. Phyllis told her strange story as follows:

"Long ago the Spaniards explored this region. One year three partners discovered this cave and then went back to Spain. The next year they came and lived here many months. During that time a small ship sailed up the Mississippi with a secret burden. The heavy object of secrecy was conveyed overland to this cave. It was concealed here somewhere. People did not know, but they thought there was a quarrel. They did know, however, that only two men went back to the ship and there had been three.

"No one had ever dared to go very far into the cave so the secret was not revealed. I often came to the mouth of the cave, but did not go in unless my father was with me. One day I was sitting on

the small boulder near the opening. Suddenly a shaddow shut off the sunlight. Two heavily bearded foreigners glared at me. They seized me and dragged me all the way to the end. Then I was gagged and bound as you found me.

"I was fatigued, hungry and frightened, but I listened to their conversation. I could not understand what they said, but I deduced that money was hidden in the room across from mine. I could hear them try to lift it, but evidently it had been a load for three, and those two could not move it an inch. They kept moving. I had no idea how they were going to carry the treasure away. Then they talked louder and louder. Their voices were angry and cruel. Presently I realized they were fighting fiercely. They fell heavily upon the rock floor, and blow after blow rent the air. There was a loud crash. Then all was still for an instant.

"I heard someone coming. Then the largest Spaniard dragged in his dead companion before me. He gestured that he intended to toss him into a nearby waterfall and took him away. When thirty minutes or perhaps more had passed, he came back with his pockets filled with Spanish doubloons and "Pieces of Eight." He dropped this note on the floor beside me, bowed gallantly and went away. I could not move. I became weaker and weaker with frequent lapses of unconsciousness. I do not know how many days I lived like that, but at last you came! I could not have lived much longer.

"Here is the note—it is in broken English, but the gist of it is this:—He and his companion were decendants of those Spanish Pirates who hid the treasure. They had not known about this hidden wealth until a few months ago. Their fathers died and left a record concerning it in their wills. They came here to get it and did not think about it being so heavy. They were unprepared to take it. They disputed over whose fault it was that they had not prepared for this emergency until their blood boiled as much as that of their pirate ancestors who murdered their partner. This man struck Pedro a fatal blow upon the head and it was all over. He said that he was going to get help and come back for the treasure later. He thought that I would soon die and that the secret would be kept as well as it had been since his forefather took it there. He was certain that I could not reach the note and concluded it by saying that he wrote all of that just to unburden his mind so that he would not tell others too much. I wonder why he did not come back?" she ended.

Kenneth said, "I do not doubt that he has received the same reward that he gave his friend."

Kenneth and Phyllis made their way back to the mouth through the guidance of the blessed wire. As they neared the opening, he asked, "Does the hero always receive a reward?"

They stepped outside and while the warm sunbeams transformed her hair to a silken mass of spun gold, she softly answered, "And Prince Charming won the maiden from the death grip of the beautiful Mammoth Cave."

FORWORD

"Some chorus girls are as old as the jokes we print."

Signed: The Joke Editor.

A Sudent's Lamentation

Miss Theobobald is my teacher,
I shall not pass.
She maketh me to scan hard lines
of poetry,
She maketh me to answer puzzling
questions,
She answereth, "No!"
She leadeth me to expose my ignorance before the class.
Yea, though I study "Pace's Literature until midnight—
I can learn no English.
The poets bother me and the prose
writers sorely trouble me.
Thou givest me a low mark, and
my grade runneth under.
Surely zeros and conditions shall haunt me all the days of my school
life,
And I shall think of English 4 class forever.

Assembly Room Track and Athletic Meet

Events

100 yd. Laugh—Robert Bolen.
Miles of Talk—Leonard East.
50 yd. Dash of Powder—Mary Belle Caplinger.
140 yd. Giggle—Ross Parker.
880 yd. Flirt—Mary E. Stallings.
Champion Gum Chewer—Leeo Smith.
Standing Joke—All of the Sophomores.
Class Skipper—"No participants."

Here's to the Ford,
It's 100 per cent a-merry-can.

The cook at my boarding house loves me so well that she lays burned offerings before me at meals.—Mr. Wallace's wail.

Recipe for Flunks

Take one pound of bluff, stir in excuses, add a party or two, and flavor well with moonlight strolls. Serve hot at the end of each semester and garnish it with lectures.

An Essay on Cats

A freshman wrote an essay on cats. The chapter on different breeds supplies the following information.

"Cats that are made for little boys and girls to maul and tease are called Maltease cats. Some cats are known by their queer purrs—these are Pursians cats. Cats with bad tempers are called Angarrie cats. Cats with deep fellin's is called Feline cats."

DROPPING "A" COURSE.

Two Senior girls were arguing about the name of a certain selection being played at the band concert:

"It's Beethoven's Sonata," said one.

"No, it's "Poet and Peasant," said the other.

To settle the argument, Fleta H. went to the bandstand and then hurried back.

"We were both wrong," she said, "it's the 'Refrain from Spitting.' "

Teacher (In Physiology class)—"What vein controls and balances the flow of the blood in the body?"

R. Staninger (After much deep thought)—"The jugular vein ma'am."

-Boy- "How much is "Starks" pony LATIN, Mr. Hoogelbaum?"

-Mr H.- One, twenty-five- "That Book will do half of your work."

-Boy (after a minute of Silence)- "I'm in a two of 'EM".

"Love—Love!" Thundered the orator at a lecture in the M. C. H. S. assembly. "Love is like that old song————————

"Yeh," piped up Guy M. from the rear of the room, "Just Before the Battle Mother!"

Her (A Soph.) Song.
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have a date with him to-nite.
His (A Junior) Song.
Roses are red, Violets are blue
Everybody's busted—I am too.

Can You Imagine?

George Mettler giving a lecture in class?
Leeo Smith sitting still for five minutes?
Edith Milnes chewing gum in school?
Gerald Cox studying in the first and eighth assembly?
Lorene Price not whispering?

A QUICK BITE-at-the- END -of-a- LONG TRAMP.

Pro's and Con's in M. C. H. S.

Pro-mpt—Guy Morrow.
Pro-mising—Dwight A.
Pro-poser—Bernard S.
Pro-fessor—Mr. Cross.
Pro-fuse (In talk)—Leonard E.
Pro-phet—Wayne K.
Pro-voking—Gerald C.
Pro-minent—Beryl M.
Pro-ducer (of excuses)—Leeo S.
Pro- tester—Orville D.
Con-ceited—Lena F.
Con-spicious—Oleta L.
Con-fuser—Miner S.
Con-tradictor—Claude R.
Uncon-scious—Charles S.
Con-cerned—Oleta M.
Con-crete—Eugene L. (head)
Con-secutive (in whispering)—Lorene Price.
Con-centrator—Louise C.
Con-fidant—James M.

"The one who thinks these jokes are poor
Would straightway change his views,
Could he compare the ones we print
With those we do not use."

Joke Editor.

Calendar

Aug. 31. Registration. One hundred twenty five pupils register. Largest enrollment in history of M. C. H. S.

Sept. 1. School opens. Assembly room crowded.

Sept. 2. Coach Wallace issues call to arms for football squad; 16 men responded.

Sept. 3. Football practice starts.

Sept. 19. Maroa eleven baptized and hold Clinton to scoreless tie. Annual weiner roast given by upper classes to Freshmen and Faculty. It rains.

Sept. 27. M. C. H. S. defeats Heyworth 27-7.

Oct. 3. Sad news for many. Report cards out.

Oct. 4. Maroa Grid team invades Monticello and is defeated 27-7

Oct. 11. Another tie game. Maroa 17, Blue Mound 17.

Oct. 17. Maroa's rival, Taylorville, goes down in defeat, 10-7.

Oct. 15. Junior-Sophomore class picnic held at Texas church. An enjoyable time reported by all with the exception of few who froze to death.

Oct. 25. Maroa takes small end of 31-6 score at Illiopolis.

Oct. 31. Hallowe'en party given for Senior class by Nedra Funk at her home.

Nov. 4. Annual Staff elected.

Nov. 4. More sad news. November grades out.

Nov. 7. Farmer City eleven visits Maroa and goes home a 26-7 winner.

Nov. 7. High School visitor here.

Nov. 15. Maroa Football squad visits Heyworth and swamps them 26-0.

Nov. 19. A stranger gives talk to assembly and promises to donate Maroa a library. As yet, no library.

Nov. 21-22. Faculty journeys to Champaign for annual High School Conference. Students take a vacation.

Nov. 27-28. Another vacation. Thanksgiving this time.

Nov. 29. Literary Club, Agricultural Club, Latin Club, and Home Economics Club are organized.

Dec. 2. Coach Wallace calls for basket ball players. Fourteen men out first night.

Dec. 7. High School Carnival given for benefit of annual. Everybody has a good time.

Dec. 12. Kenney quintet visits Maroa and goes home a loser by a score of 21-8.

Dec. 13. M. C. H. S. basket ball squad journeys to Weldon and wins, 19-14.

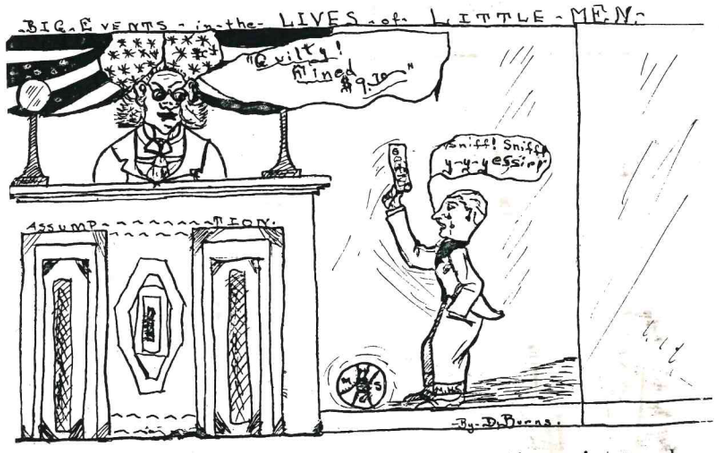
Dec. 19. Basket ball team defeats Assumption at Assumption, 14-5.

Dec. 24. Christmas program given and vacation starts.

Dec. 31. Senior class holds watch party at home of Lula Daggett.

Jan. 9. Maroa invades Kenney and wins, 16-12. Large crowd from Maroa attends game.

Jan. 10. Coach Wallace visits Assumption again.????



Jan. 16. Maroa five takes sixth consecutive victory by defeating Strasburg, 27-11.

Jan. 16. "Maronois" selected as name for Annual. Is dedicated to Miss Hayes.

Jan. 17. Two undefeated teams, Maroa and Mahomet, meet. Result: Maroa loses 25-22 in a hard fought battle.

Jan. 22-23. Judgment day—final examinations.

Jan. 26. Practice on high school play starts.

Jan. 23. Wapella comes to Maroa and goes home with small end of 22-9 score.

Jan. 24. Maroa meets Warrensburg five and takes a 20-10 victory.

Jan. 30. Maroa again defeats Assumption 22-6.

Feb. 7. Weldon goes home with a 25-14 defeat.

Feb. 13. Maroa quintet invades Taylorville and wins 25-16.

Feb. 19. Seniors select commencement invitations.

Feb. 20. Maroa takes a special car and goes to Wapella with team. Score: 23-22 in Maroa's favor.

Feb. 21. District tournament drawings out. Prospects look good for Maroa.

Feb. 23. Maronois copy due.

Feb. 26. "The Toastmaster" presented to a large crowd.

Feb. 27. Maroa closes basket ball season, win a 15-14 victory over Warrensburg.

Mar. 5-6-7. District tournament. Maroa wins opening round against Argenta but loses to Warrensburg.

Apr. 16. "Anne What's-Her-Name!" the Senior class play presented.

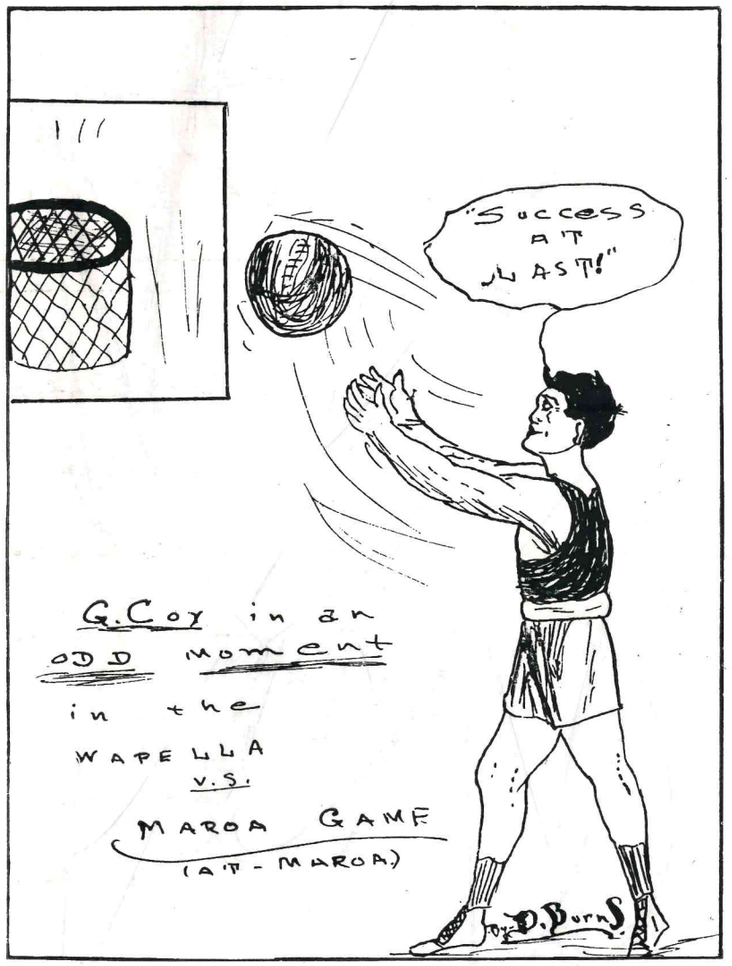
May 1. Junior-Senior banquet at Methodist Church.

May 19. Senior breakfast at Weldon Springs.

May 21. Class day.

May 24. Baccalaureate. Sermon by Dr. H. M. Thomas.

May 28. Commencement. Address by Dr. H. G. Paul.



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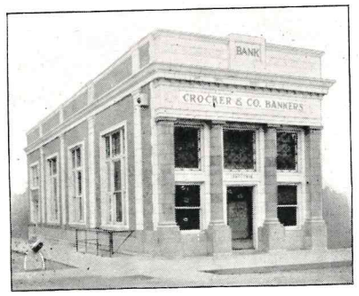

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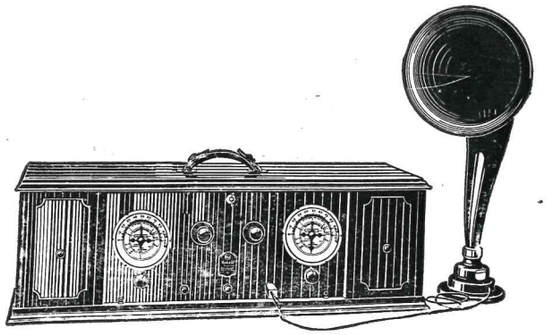

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Maroa, Illinois

MAROA THEATRE

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MAROA THEATRE CO.

Miss Fosse—"Leeo, what time is it?"

Leeo—"I haven't the faintest idea."

Miss F.—"Yes, I know, but what time is it?"

Miss McKee—"Yes, Caesar got the consulship and Crassus got Asia. What did Pompey get?"

LaMon—"He got gyped."

Mary B. C.—"If you could see my heart, you'd find your name on it."

Bernard S.—"Yes, but I'm afraid your heart would look like a hotel register."

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Miss McKee—"Please translate 'Caesar sic dicat on de curam egesse lictum."

Leeo—"Caesar sicked the cat on the cur an' I guess he licked 'im."

Miss F.—"I will not answer any questions during this examination."

Leeo S.—"Good! Neither will I."

Wayne K.—"What has Mr. Cross got that he don't want, but still he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for it."

Paul T.—"Dunno. His bald head I suppose."

Robert Bolen (in Com. Law) "A husband is the legally appointed audience of his wife."

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Maroa, Illinois

Leeo Smith—"Oh, I ain't as dumb as I look."

Miss Theobald—"No! you couldn't be."

Leonard E. says:—(Remember that?) "No matter how high an awning may be, it is only a shade above the street."

Ralph S. (In general science) —"Which travels the fastest, heat or cold?"

Miss H.—"I don't know, do you?"

Ralph S.—"Yes, heat, because you can catch cold."

MYERS & DEWHIRST

LUMBER

COAL

FARM IMPLEMENTS

Maroa, Illinois

"The Review"

(A poem)

We tolerate our English
And our Algebra as well
Our Latin's not so very hard,
But our French sure is—(er —swell).

"Ode To The Seniors"

A Senior stood on a R. R. track,
The train was coming fast,
The train got off the track,
And let the Senior pass.

Leeo S. (In Zoology)—"Yes'm! The rabbit came up to the man and wagged his abbreviation."

Ques.—"Can school teachers marry?"

Ans.—"Some can; some can't."

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J. L. BURCHI, Pres. W. E. TRUBER, Cashier

G. W. CONOVER, Ass't Cashier

Miss T.—"Can you let me have two first class rooms?"

Hotel Clerk—"Yes, Suite One."

Miss T.—"Sir?"

Miss F.—"What makes you gnaw your book in class?"

George M. (In Eng. II.)—"To cultivate a taste for literature."

Miss Hays (In H. Ec.)—"What is the oldest and most popular weekly in America?"

Freshman Girl—"The bath, of course."

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Miss F.—"Shon Crandall; have you whispered without permission?"

S. C. B.—"Only wunct."

Miss F.—"Gerald, should Shon have said wunct?"

Gerald—"No'm, he should have said twict."

Miss H. (In Botany)—"What animal practices the most rigid economy?"

Orville D. —"The skunk. He makes every scent count."

Mr. W. (In Geometry Class)—"Who made that noise.?"

James M.—"I did. I just dropped a perpendicular."

The other day a Soph. squeezed a nickel so hard the bull hollered, "Ouch!"

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Maroa, Illinois

Mr. Smith—"I'm sorry, my boy, but I only punish you because I love you."
Raymond S.—"I'm sorry, Dad, that I'm not big enough to-to-r-re-t-turn your love."

Donald S.—"I've decided to become an artist, father."
Father—"I've no objections if you don't draw on me."

Miss H. (In Zoology)—"And when were these pigeons carrier pigeons?"
Hugh B.—"When they had lice."

Russell A.—"I dreamed I died last night."
Rob. B.—"What woke you up?"
Rus. A.—"The heat."

DRS. W. T. & E. P. McLEAN

M. D.

DR. C. M. WOOD, M. D.

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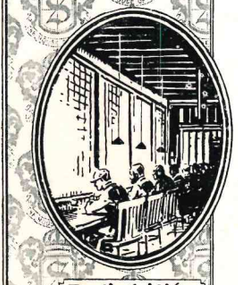

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